

JANUARY 13, 1945

# AMERICA

## WINTER CAMPAIGN IN BELGIUM

Col. Conrad H. Lanza

## KRAKOW: THE IDEAL OF A UNIVERSITY

Eric P. Kelly

## THE LAYMAN LOVES THE DIALOG MASS

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## GRESHAM'S LAW OF THOUGHT

Charles Keenan

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THE EDITORS  
DISCUSS:

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POLAND  
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OUR HAND  
IN CHINA

A CITIZEN  
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MR. BYRNES'  
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# COMMENT ON THE WEEK

**What a Good Liberal Finds Possible.** The list of sponsors for a "Mass Demonstration for Republican Spain," held in Madison Square Garden on January 2—and blessed by the indispensable Dr. Negrin—for the purpose of inducing the United States to break off diplomatic relations with the present Spanish regime, contains the name of W. T. Couch, Director of Publicity for the University of North Carolina. It is interesting to note that Mr. Couch, in a so-called "Publisher's Introduction," inserted in a recent symposium entitled *What the Negro Wants*, expresses himself as follows: "There is one [theory concerning the condition of the Negro in America] which says his condition has been produced by his inferiority. In this view prejudice, and the additional burdens placed upon the Negro because of prejudice, are results, not causes. . . . The South [according to a second view] places numerous unnecessary burdens upon the Negro—burdens which must be removed. But this cannot be done all at once. And it must not be done in such manner as to weaken the barrier between the races. . . . To remove any possible ambiguity, I hold to the second view. The first seems to me possible."

**Mr. Byrnes' Report.** Those who care to be captious found a neat opportunity when they hit on an item in the report for 1944 of the Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion and its accompanying letter to the President and Congress. It is necessary, said Mr. Byrnes, to give our "undivided attention" to the continuance of the war effort, yet to the attention of both Congress and people a series of considerations on reconversion are offered. Nevertheless, whatever may be the exact logic of the seemingly contradictory recommendation, this is in plain fact what the present moment calls for. "We have had two years of almost unparalleled success in military operations against strong and powerful adversaries," writes Mr. Byrnes. "Our forces in the field need more guns, more ammunition, more trucks, more tires, more ships, more airplanes, more rockets and more men to finish the job which they have done so well to date." In the task of meeting this still instant demand of Mars, the report spares no feelings as to the variety and immensity of what is to be done. The task of providing manpower is "more acute and difficult" than ever. War production has become less attractive than it was a year ago. Selective-service standards must be revised; race-tracks may no longer contribute to absenteeism, and 4-F football players may yet manage to hear a sergeant's call. Average age of workers has increased. But with all this, the inevitable let-down at the close or tapering-off of war cannot be ignored. Taxation, contract-termination, disposition of temporary housing and building of new homes, transportation, foreign trade, food, industrial facilities, all must be studied. And American farmers in 1945 need to "make history repeat itself." We badly need sobering but we also need hope and courage. A thoughtful reading of this report may help to acquire these virtues.

**Recognition of France.** When on New Year's Day Henri Bonnet signed the declaration of the United Nations drawn up by the other members three years ago, he was greeted by President Roosevelt as Ambassador of France, no longer as merely a representative of France's Provisional Government. We welcome France's return, said the President, "as a strong ally—once more in the first rank of the free and peace-

loving nations of the world." In view of the grave misgivings which are at present troubling the minds—and threatening to trouble the unity—of the Allied nations, it was reassuring to hear Secretary of State Stettinius, on this same occasion, vigorously reaffirm "the principles and purposes of the Atlantic Charter," and hear him declare:

. . . that is the peace objective toward which the United Nations have been working together for three years. Step by step, progress has been made—our goal is now much closer to realization than it was three years ago.

Can we hope that France's new role will give the world a strong forward impetus toward such a realization? It will, if France's new democratic government will be so strong and well-knit that she can build for the future peace and security of Europe without being merely swept into the Russian orbit. But the ability of France to maintain so firm and so constructive a part among the United Nations will depend in no small measure upon the constant and intelligent cooperation which she will receive from the United States. Such a hope will be realized if January 1, 1945, is hailed in future years as the beginning of a sounder and better understanding between our respective countries than has existed, or than has perhaps been possible, in the recent past.

**Reactions to the Pope's Message.** Those who love democracy, and have at heart the interests of the "individual himself" as the "subject, foundation and end" of the social order, have already welcomed what Anne O'Hare McCormick called "a deeply pondered pontifical pronouncement." And they will continue to do so. Typical of many comments

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is that of Vera Micheles Dean, in the *Foreign Policy Bulletin* for December 29, 1944:

By affirming his faith in the democratic process, the Pope has made a signal contribution to the re-evaluation of all values that is the hallmark of our era. At the same time the Pope emphasized what so many advocates of democracy forget—that it is by far the most difficult way of life, imposing the sternest obligations for self-control both on the citizens of a truly democratic state, and on those among them who accept the risks and privileges of leadership. The Pope made a sound distinction between "the people," politically articulate and responsible, and inchoate "masses" that can become all too easily the prey of irresponsible dictators. The trouble is that in many countries lack of vision and courage on the part of those who claimed leadership has in the past made it impossible for "masses" to achieve, by the orderly process of reform, the maturity of "peoples," and for nations to effect orderly territorial changes.

It is these "irresponsible dictators," of the Left or of the Right, with their thirst to profit by bad leadership, who will continue to fill the air with their outcry against the Papal championship of the "common man." For they uneasily sense that the common man is learning to penetrate their own deceptions.

**Negroes and the Closed Union.** In a unanimous decision the Supreme Court of California ruled on January 2 that Local 6 of the Boilermakers Union, AFL, might not maintain both a closed shop and a closed union. Local 6, having a closed-shop agreement with the Marinship Corporation at Sausalito, refused to admit Negroes to full membership, requiring them instead to join a Negro auxiliary. The Negroes objected to a "Jim Crow" union and refused to join. Threatened with dismissal under the closed-shop agreement, they obtained a preliminary injunction against Marinship, which was upheld in the State Supreme Court. The closed or partially closed shop agreement, said Chief Justice Gibson for the Court, where it gives the union "a monopoly of the supply of labor," means that exclusion of Negroes is not merely a matter of social relations; "it affects the fundamental right to work for a living." The thoughtful observer must wonder whether those union men really understand freedom who are not willing to extend it to all.

**During Off-Duty Hours.** It's only a scrap of paper, and the name and signature are not filled out. Merely the form for permission to California Marines to "visit Mexico unofficially in uniform," on such a day, etc. The bearer is enjoined to "read carefully" the directions for receiving "a supervised prophylaxis" at the sanitary station on the U. S. side of the border, and is afforded the little piece of information that "of more than 30,000 prophylaxis administered in this area during the month of October (*sic*) there were only two failures. These were undoubtedly due to delay from time of exposure to treatment." We are not starting any argument whether or not such prophylaxis should be administered. We are merely calling these figures—30,000, one single month—to the attention of the army of propagandists who are endeavoring to sell the idea of peacetime universal military service to the parents and the educators of this country, on the plea that a year's service in the armed forces will provide our youth, in the postwar period, with such an admirable type of moral discipline. Military discipline in duty hours is strict; in off-duty hours it is non-existent.

**Dies Committee Renewed.** No sooner had the House of Representatives removed hat and coat and settled down to work than it took a vote, 207 to 186—through a coalition movement—to make permanent the special Committee on Un-American Activities, the so-called Dies Committee, which the Administration has opposed since its creation in 1938. The committee in its new tenure of life will doubtless see stormy days, as it did in its former existence. But the necessity for such a committee remains, since a check on subversive movements should be at the country's disposal independently of the investigations of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. If the reconstituted committee will refrain from the trend to publicity-seeking which tarnished its good reputation in the past, if it will bring an equally heavy hand to bear upon every type of subversive movement, without discrimination, it will have a good chance of achieving the full measure of its usefulness to Congress and to the public.

**Christmas in Rome.** Reports of the Christmas celebration in Rome strike a cheerful and a happy note which contrasts strongly with the gloomy news which has come out of the Eternal City in recent years. Apparently the Romans decided that in spite of the political confusion and economic distress which prevail there, they would make the festival a day of grateful respite from present misery and a promise of happier things to come. From the descriptions of the scene at the Midnight Mass which His Holiness Pope Pius XII celebrated in St. Peter's, it is evident that that event must have rivaled in its solemn beauty and impressiveness the great, historic ceremonies of the past. It would be interesting to read the accounts of it which the Allied service men and women who were present sent to all parts of the world in their letters home. Then, too, the sound of children's laughter ringing out at the Christmas parties at which the Holy Name Society entertained twenty thousand orphaned children provided a form of music all too rare in the recent past. The war has brought terrible suffering to the Italian children. But the generosity of the American people and the zeal and labors of Allied Catholic soldiers have made this Christmas a bright spot in their unhappy lives.

**Sixth War Loan.** Asked for \$14 billion, the people gave \$21.6 billion, to set an all-time record for War Loan drives. It was the third drive in 1944, the first to be held in a Christmas spending season. Especially gratifying to the Government was the over-subscribing of E Bonds, which represents a check on inflationary spending power.

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## THE NATION AT WAR

AS THE END of 1944 arrived, fighting on the west German front centered in the area recently recaptured by the Germans in Belgium and Luxembourg. More than half of the troops on this entire front are engaged in a bloody struggle. The Germans are seeking to make the Allies pay a high price for any advance they make.

The Allies have pushed forward. Their main effort has been along the south side of the new German driven salient. This offensive started on December 22, and has continued daily ever since. The resistance met indicates that the Germans do not intend voluntarily to go back into Germany. They will have to be driven back.

The territory where the great battle is taking place is rough. There are hills and low mountains, many with steep slopes. Thick forests abound. Everything is snow-covered. It is a difficult terrain to attack over. The Germans are making the most of it, and the Allied gains have not averaged a mile a day.

The winter battle on the west German front started with Allied attacks in mid-November. One of their intentions was to employ their superior number of tanks, guns and planes to destroy so many Germans that they would, sooner or later, have insufficient forces left with which to continue the war.

Whether the Allies came close to accomplishing this objective is not known. The Germans are attempting to turn the tables by causing the Allies to lose the most on a battlefield selected by themselves. As neither side publishes its casualty lists, it is impossible to tell at this time who is gaining.

The ground where the fighting is occurring is not in itself of any special importance. It was really the least important on the entire front. For that reason a German attack in that area was unforeseen until it came. There are in it no large cities, no particular industries, no mines or resources of special value. It is the Ardennes—a pretty country of small towns and villages set among beautiful hills and woods.

Attention should be given to a very large battle in Hungary being fought by the Russians. Around Budapest they have just won a really great victory.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

## WASHINGTON FRONT

WHEN THE 79TH CONGRESS met on January 3, it looked at itself with some amazement. It was elected to be the great postwar-reconstruction Congress. It got ready to come to Washington with that in view. Now it finds that it will simply be more of the same. Our loss of the military initiative to the Germans had transformed the whole picture.

This change was sharply high-lighted by the report made on January 2 by James F. Byrnes, Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion. It was found on reading this report that the first part of Mr. Byrnes' job—mobilization—was still the important one, and that the second—reconversion—was now once more in the indefinite future.

The change in the military outlook, Congress was informed, had left unchanged the Government's problems of its relations to industry and labor through the War Labor Board and of the further utilization in war industries of untapped labor resources. The Government obviously lacks sufficient power to deal with either of these problems efficiently. If the WLB could enforce its decisions through the courts and if we had a national compulsory-service act, our troubles would be over.

But Mr. Byrnes, besides being an excellent executive, is also a very practical politician. He may—and very probably will—get the first of these out of Congress, but not the second. In lieu of that he has apparently decided to get the same thing in piecemeal fashion—by executive fiat when he can, by partial legislation when he must. It is going to require a lot of cooperation between Mr. Byrnes and Congress before long.

At this writing the President's message has not yet been delivered, but Washington found it difficult to imagine what he could say beyond ratifying the proposals of his "Assistant President," who had not even shown his report to the President before he published it. This offers political scientists a new and intriguing development in government. A foreigner might expect the Vice-President to be the Assistant President, instead of merely presiding officer of the Senate. History may record that this innovation of Mr. Roosevelt's was one of the most important that he created.

WILFRID PARSONS

## UNDERSCORINGS

AN APPEAL for a peace "which does not bear in itself the germs of new wars" was again made by Pope Pius XII on December 27, when he received His Excellency Manuel Sotomayor, Ecuador's new Ambassador to the Holy See. Referring to the sufferings caused by the war, the Holy Father said: "not less terrible are those resulting from the uncertain prospects of its final resolution."

► His Eminence Ernest Cardinal van Roey, Primate of Belgium, has thanked the Allies for liberating not only Belgium but also the Catholic Church in that country, according to a dispatch received by the OWI. In an interview with a Canadian war correspondent, His Eminence declared that "if the Germans had remained indefinitely in Belgium the Catholic Church would have suffocated."

► Ceremonies and pilgrimages in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe in 1944 have surpassed those of recent years, says the Mexico City correspondent of N.C.W.C. *News Service*. More than 100,000 participated in a great Labor Pilgrimage to the Basilica on the Sunday before the Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe. On the Feast itself the Basilica was

unable to accommodate all that came to attend the Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated by the Most Rev. Luis Martinez, Archbishop of Mexico City.

► Although "thousands of plans for peace are now being formulated," the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati, declared in his Christmas sermon that there "can never be a solution of economic and social problems unless Christian morality be its basis." Denying that peace can come through Communism, he expressed a wish that "thousands of sincere, capable and educated Communists would take time out to investigate the claims—the revolutionary claims—of true Christianity."

► In a strongly worded and authoritative statement *Osservatore Romano*, semi-official organ of the Vatican, condemned on January 2 the principles and tendencies of the "Christian Left" party in Italy and denied its right to represent Christian thought and to seek Catholic members. The "Christian Left" party is a new name for the original "Catholic Communist" party which the Pope had already condemned.

LOUIS E. SULLIVAN

# THE WINTER CAMPAIGN IN BELGIUM

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

THE GERMAN counter-offensive which started on December 16 was just one phase of the winter campaign, which the Allies had commenced in mid-November. The Allies had struck heavily in three sectors: on November 7 in the Metz area, on November 14 in the Belfort area, and on November 16 in the Aachen area.

Each of these attacks was on a large scale, and each had certain local objectives. All had two major missions: a) to penetrate the German lines, so as to allow Allied armor to go deep into Germany, and/or b) to hammer at the German lines continuously until there were no Germans left in sufficient numbers to hold them.

In early November it was believed that the Germans had about 60 divisions on their west front, and no reserves worth considering. The Allied bombing of German cities and industries was supposed to have reduced the manufacturing capacity of Germany to such an extent that it was possible to count upon a deterioration of the equipment of its armies. The Allies had greater numbers, had an overwhelming superiority in guns, tanks, planes and other weapons. Their soldiers were superbly equipped and superbly trained.

It has been Allied policy not to attack unless the quantity of guns and ammunition, of tanks and planes, was such as to crush the enemy with a minimum loss of Allied lives. It was better to expend dollars to purchase the necessary implements of the military art than to lose men.

When the Allied offensives started, many believed that two weeks of reasonably good weather—which would enable the Allied air fleets to operate—would suffice to end the war. Many thought that by Christmas the war would be practically over. Not all thought so, but the idea was worth trying.

## RUSSO-POLISH COMPLICATIONS

There were many reasons why it was desirable to end the war at an early date. The political situation in Europe was not good. Complications were arising. More may be expected. It is not impossible that the problems of organizing a peace may be more complicated, more difficult to solve, than the problems of the war.

In early November the prime political question was the boundaries of Poland. Russia had made it clear that it had taken, and was going to hold, about one-third of that unfortunate country. That desire seems to have been presented at the Teheran conference at the beginning of December, 1943, at which time the Russian armies were far away from their desired boundary. This may have influenced President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill to postpone a decision. So far as is now known, these two great statesmen did not agree to Russia's demand. They may not have opposed it.

The Polish question became acute in July, 1944, after Russia had won the line she wanted in fighting. Russia then suspended further advance into Poland and has not renewed it since. This enabled Germany to strengthen her forces elsewhere. Mr. Churchill went to Moscow to plead for a settlement. On his return he reported to the House of Commons that he regretted that he had not succeeded. The head of the Polish Government-in-Exile was next sent to Moscow in an endeavor to have the Poles accept the Russian proposi-

tion of surrendering a large section of their own country, in return for which they would be given a large section of Germany. This failed. Poland remained obstinate in demanding her own country and an adherence to the principles the Allies themselves had promulgated in the Atlantic Charter.

## MILITARY DIPLOMACY

The next step was for the Allies to defeat Germany without a renewal of the Russian offensive. If Anglo-American armies reached Berlin first, it might be possible to insist on the principles of the Atlantic Charter being fulfilled. Both in America and in England, the people seemed strongly in favor of no dismemberment of Poland.

This Anglo-American military effort was started in mid-November on the west German front. By December 15 it had failed to accomplish either of its major missions. The enemy's lines had not been penetrated, and they had not crumbled away. There had been local gains; near Aachen, in very severe fighting, the front had been pushed forward nearly 10 miles as far as the Roer River. Metz had been captured and, following that, the Allies had reached Strasbourg and freed the northern part of Alsace and Lorraine. Belfort had been taken and the Rhine reached. These were valuable and substantial gains. They did not cause the war to end.

On December 15 Mr. Churchill addressed the House of Commons and strongly urged a settlement of the Polish question on the lines insisted upon by Russia. He referred to a Russian offensive against Germany through Poland. The impression given was that Russia was ready to undertake such a campaign, provided that the Allies agreed to Russia's demands. The previous declarations of the Allies made it hard to accept this situation, unless Poland voluntarily agreed to it. Poland was asked to do just that, and in return to take from Germany as much territory as she liked.

Whether Mr. Churchill's speech had been inspired by the military authorities is not known. It must be assumed that the Allied commander on the west front, General Eisenhower, makes reports regularly to the American and British Governments. Whatever these reports were, Mr. Churchill must have felt convinced that there was no reasonable hope of ending the war quickly unless the Russians opened up that campaign through Poland. In the meantime new political and military complications had become acute in Greece. There were other countries where the situation was delicate. The need for ending the war against Germany quickly was greater than ever.

## GERMAN COUNTER-OFFENSIVE

The day after Mr. Churchill's speech the Germans launched their counter-offensive. This has been characterized as a great gamble. That word is a misnomer if gamble is used in the ordinary sense, which is a game of chance or a reckless speculation. The German offensive is neither. It was carefully planned and prepared for, and has since been carried out with unusual caution and avoidance of risks. All battles involve an element of chance. They are not exclusively dependent upon chance, but are largely the result of generalship, numbers and weapons.

Press dispatches from Paris dated December 18 state that the assembly of large German forces opposite the subsequent attack area had been noted by the Allied Supreme Command for the previous two weeks. They did not foresee that this concentration was in preparation for an attack. The impression still remained that the Allied offensive was grinding away the German forces and, if the Allied armies just continued with their own offensives, the end of Germany

would come—maybe not as quickly as some had thought, but anyway within a not too distant time.

So little was the expectation of a serious German attack that when it came it failed to be recognized at once. The official reports for the first day mentioned only "local enemy attacks," while press reports for December 16 describe a "series of sharp attacks," all of which it was asserted had been checked. No one was alarmed. On the 17th the First U. S. Army, through whose right half the Germans had broken, started a counter-attack with the old and tried 1st Division. This continued through the 18th, on which day it was evident that the German advance was strong. Orders for the Third U. S. Army to intervene were then issued. That army did not receive the order until late that night, after many of their own troops had become engaged in a battle around Lorraine and Alsace.

It took the Third Army through the 20th and 21st to reach the area assigned them to attack from. This was really excellent time. The attack was started on the morning of the 22nd. Since then, until the end of the year, the Third Army has been fighting to recover what had been lost in the first seven days of the German advance. The high mark was reached by them on Christmas day. The Germans have fought back savagely and have shown no intent to retire voluntarily.

The German preparations for the attack took at least two weeks. The plans must have been drawn earlier than this and certainly not later than mid-November. Several precautionary measures were taken. On the right of the attack area the German line had been slowly withdrawn, so that most of it lay behind rivers, over which it would be difficult for the Allies to attack. In places the Rhine River had been widened by blowing out dams and levees. In the same manner the valley of the Roer had been flooded. This made it safe to withdraw some German troops from that part of the front. On the German left, the line had been withdrawn, with one exception, to behind the West Wall. The exception was a section of Alsace south from Strasbourg, where the Germans continued to hold. This measure released other troops.

The Germans also assembled for their attack new Panzer (armored) Divisions, with 1945 model tanks, and a great quantity of the latest types of weapons. Entirely new divisions appeared. In all at least fifteen German divisions were employed in the offensive. At the beginning, the Allied line was held by only four divisions, and part of a fifth. These divisions met great odds, fought bravely, were overwhelmed and lost heavily. There have been heavy losses subsequently. Whether the Germans have had greater losses than they would have had had they continued to merely oppose Allied attacks is questionable.

#### NEW PROBLEMS

All three of the mid-November Allied attacks have stopped. The fighting has been transferred from German soil to that of Belgium and Luxembourg. A strong shock has been given to Allied prestige. The possibility of a German comeback is being taken into consideration in Europe.

The Allies have attempted to turn the German maneuver into their "worst defeat." The attempt to pinch off the German salient, and capture all the Germans within, after ten days had failed. There have been local gains, not exceeding an average of one mile a day. At this rate it may take some time to drive the Germans back to behind the West Wall from which they started.

The German commander is Field Marshal von Rundstedt. A study of his previous campaigns in Poland, in France in

1940 and later in Russia, indicates that he follows a fixed plan as long as it works. When it ceases to work he abandons it and starts a new maneuver. In his past campaigns he had plenty of troops to do this. It is not certain that he has troops to shift readily to some new line at this date. The possibility that he may have has caused the Allies to watch the entire west front with unusual care. They have discovered numerous indications of German activities practically everywhere. This is a sign that Von Rundstedt is watching carefully. He has no illusions of advancing through France as he did in 1940. He is aware of the Allied superiority; he is taking as few chances as possible. He may be expected to break out again as soon as, and if, he has the necessary forces.

To meet this situation the Allies have a choice of action. They may attack first, and in such strength and in such critical areas that the Germans cannot afford to use troops for any other purpose than to resist the assault. If troops are not available for this, or are not in the right locations, then a reserve is needed which can temporarily be brought when needed to any danger point.

On December 16, when the German offensive came, there seems to have been no competent Allied reserve. Presumably the Supreme Command had become convinced that Germany was all but overcome and no reserve was needed. This gave the Germans one week's start before they were stopped. This should not occur again.

The winter is only half over. The winter campaign is still on.

## DIALOG MASS

JOHN P. DELANEY, S.J.

THE LAITY have taught me, a priest, the Mass. When I was first ordained, like all young priests, I read the prayers of the Mass aloud and carefully. After one of my early Masses a seminarian remarked: "I could follow every word of his Mass," and then the young cynic added, "but wait until he is ordained ten years, and a dictaphone won't be able to pick up his words." The day came when I was ordained ten years and, strangely, on that morning I remembered the young seminarian's remarks and, may God forgive me, I remembered them with what was almost a smug smile, for on that tenth anniversary I was offering Mass more slowly than on the day I first stood at the altar. I had much more of an understanding of the words that I pronounced much more slowly. Better than that, I had a far greater realization than on the day of my first Mass that I was a priest of the people, offering the Holy Sacrifice for the people.

Do you know why? Especially why I tell this so brazenly? Because the credit is not mine. It is the laity's. On the tenth anniversary of my priesthood I was taking part in a Dialog Mass. The congregation answering all the prayers of the Mass for me made me want to go slowly. Offering Mass enthusiastically with me, they made me, too, enthusiastic. And they made me want to go so slowly and reverently through every prayer and gesture of the Mass that every one of them could follow with ease.

The laity have given me a love for the Mass and a deeper understanding of my priesthood. When I was first ordained, I did grasp something of the power that was mine, to consecrate the Body and Blood of Christ, to offer daily the Sacrifice of Calvary, to eat the Flesh and drink the Blood of the Son of God. I did feel the power of being able to

say to mother and father and friends: "I shall offer Mass for you," and the thrill of knowing that no one on earth could do more for them; but the fuller realization that the Mass is not just my personal privilege, my private devotion, that when I stand at the altar I am the official representative of Christ the Priest, uniting the whole Catholic world with me in the offering of the Mass, that I must offer every Mass I offer for the entire Catholic world, that the final purpose that is mine and every priest's in the Mass is to unite myself, my congregation, the whole world to God through Christ: that is something the laity taught me through the Dialog Mass.

They taught me that I am their priest, dear to their hearts. It is a wonderful thing for a priest to finish a sincere *Confiteor* and hear the whole congregation pray as one for him: "May the Almighty God have mercy on you, forgive you your sins and bring you to life everlasting." I really say *Amen* to that prayer of theirs for me, to the whole Church praying for me. Ever since I first offered a dialog Mass I put my heart and soul into every *Dominus vobiscum* of every Mass. I want to think as I kiss the altar that I am really receiving the embrace of Christ not only for myself but for all in the church and for all the world; and when I spread my arms I am trying to bring the entire world into the embrace of Christ, and the entire world is in my prayer when I say *Dominus vobiscum*, May God be with you. Even when I am offering a very private Mass with only one little server I hear in his *Et cum spiritu tuo* (the same to you, Father), the heartfelt enthusiasm of the sixteen workmen who first raised the roof of a little chapel in answering that greeting of mine, I hear all the hundreds of voices of all who in any Dialog Mass, men and women and little children, have tried to wish me God, as sincerely as I wished Him to them, I hear the whole Church praying, God be with you too, our priest.

The thrill of a whole congregation's shouted *Amen*, the deep fervor of a *Kyrie eleison* resounding through the church, the wild, joyful shout of the *Gloria*, and the silvery, joyful song of the *Sanctus*, the rock solidity of the *Credo* on the lips of an entire congregation: these are things that teach the priest to value his priesthood and to love the Mass. When I realize further that all the people, in spirit at least, want to bring their gifts, their very selves, and lay them on the altar at the Offertory, to offer them with the bread that is fashioned of many grains of wheat, and with the wine that is the crushing of many grapes, I want to read the offering prayers so slowly that even the smallest child in church can follow me. I want to make every movement and gesture so slow and so meaningful that the very souls of the congregation will be swept up in my hands as I raise the golden paten and say "Accept O Holy Father," as I raise the gleaming chalice and say "We offer, Thee, O Lord." As never before, I have, thanks to the laity, realized the true meaning of sacrifice, which is heartfelt, complete, generous, joyful giving; and I realize the end and aim of the Mass, to unite us all through Christ with God, and more than ever I understand the purpose of the priesthood, the union of God and His world through an interchange of gifts.

The laity have taught me the joy of the Mass. I suppose I should be ashamed to admit that I do not sing well, still more ashamed to admit that when I was first ordained I did not appreciate the role of singing in the Mass; but it came to me through the Dialog Mass, through the enthusiasm of the people's *Amens* and their *Gloria* and their *Credo* and their *Sanctus* and their responses. "Those prayers were made for singing," I found myself saying; and it is true. The

human being sings his joy and sings his love and sings his credo and sings even his sorrow. Once the laity come to know and love the Mass, they want to sing it. Today, if I had the time, I would be willing to go out and take singing lessons so that I might not be too unworthy of the laity who wish to sing the Mass with me. And today I would want to say to every young seminarian, you can and must learn to sing the Mass with dignity and reverence.

Why all this confession and this act of gratitude to the laity at this time? Simply this, I am still glowing from the fervor of the Christmas week Liturgical Conference in New York City. In all the priests who took part in that Conference I thought I could see the same realization of what they, too, owe to the Dialog Mass and to the whole liturgical movement. I saw a close bond between priests and people, a bond that can be forged only by a complete, active participation in the liturgy of the Church. Above all, I thought that I was watching what almost might be called a resurrection of the laity. To borrow a phrase used in another context by Pius XII: "The people have awakened from a long torpor." Now they want to participate actively in the Mass. They want the Dialog Mass. They want to sing the Mass. They want guidance and help in studying the Mass and in living the Mass. To all the priests of all the world they are crying out in all the fervor of their need and of their desire: please, please give us the Mass.

From these Liturgical Conferences held year by year in different parts of the country more and more priests come away with this cry of the laity ringing in their ears and with the resolve to give the people the Mass for the good of the people, for the good of the priest and the priesthood, for the good of God's world.

## KRAKOW: THE IDEAL OF A UNIVERSITY

ERIC P. KELLY

FRESH from an American college of dignified and worthy standards, I was in 1925 plunged into the educational world of the University of Krakow. I had not the faintest idea what to expect. My ideas on education were cut and dried. I felt like Henry Adams (*The Education of Henry Adams*) after my few years of teaching, for he had sought in all parts of the world the enlivening flame that would kindle in himself the desire for full intellectual and spiritual satisfaction and had failed to find it. That education prepares one for the world, I quite willingly admitted. That our colleges and universities trained men to be leaders (and good followers, too) was something I took for granted. But I had the idea, perhaps thoroughly American and perhaps universal, that learning had to prepare for something—a profession, a doctor's degree, even a successful career in business or affairs.

My guide and superior at Krakow was a most remarkable man, Professor Roman Dyboski. He had lived much, studied almost everything, taught at the greatest universities in the world. He had taken an important place in Poland's political and social life. That he spoke five languages perfectly and knew Anglo-Saxon better than I (and had even written a book on it) impressed me, of course, but what I most admired in him and marveled at was his *universality*, his ability to enter into any discussion, any project, and to contribute the most reasoned argument and suggest the most enlightening things. His comments on the widely diversified

papers which our students read in class were enlivened by understanding and kindly humor, and always aimed at the heart of the student's contention.

"You must hear Professor Chrzanowski lecture on Polish Literature," he advised me on my first day in Krakow. Poor Professor Chrzanowski is now dead in a German Concentration Camp, but the inspiration he set up in so many minds will live forever. He was an old man even back in 1925, but his text, *The History of the Literature of Independent Poland*, will always be a standard for the elementary study of Polish Literature.

So I went to hear Professor Chrzanowski. At Krakow one did not elect courses; one elected Professors, and the professors varied their courses from year to year, avoiding all suspicion of staleness. In American colleges in order to study with a distinguished man, one had first to take preliminary studies under some one else, in an "orientation" course that was often dull or uninspired.

When the professor entered, the classroom became as still as a church. With dignity, but with modest bearing, Professor Chrzanowski took the professorial chair at the head of the room and exchanged a few words with the secretary of the department. Then suddenly he swept his eyes over the room. If his eyes met every student's as they did mine, there must have been a personal bond established then and there.

My notebook lay on the desk. I was ready to jot down notes as I had in my own college, perhaps in chronological order. I knew Polish by that time well enough to catch the drift of what professors were saying and I was keeping the notes in Polish in order to perfect my own reading knowledge of the tongue. Would he begin with those ancient chroniclers, Dlugosz, Kromer?

With his first words I dropped my pencil, and listened with all ears. He was not speaking of the chroniclers at all. He was speaking of Saint Thomas Aquinas. He was giving us a method and not mere information; information would come later. I shall never forget that first lecture as long as I live. Dyboski had the right idea in sending me to Chrzanowski, for here I was told, in the simplest and most emphatic way, just what we were in the university for. What did he say? Well, I will try to give a paragraph of it from memory.

#### LEARNING FOR LEARNING'S SAKE

Saint Thomas came into the life of the medieval university when learning was undefined. In short, he began as the simplest freshman in college. Then he began to build up from the simplest premise (I wonder if modern universities would not do better to examine premises more closely) what the acquisition of learning meant. Learning, he discovered, is a field in itself. It has no direct relation to anything else in the world while it is being sought; afterwards it shows the relationship between all things. A distinct and separate quality in man is his capacity for learning. At a given point in this acquisition the mind begins to put two and two together—or rather one and one—and a conclusion is arrived at. This was a shock to me; I had thought thinking was a natural process. Professor Chrzanowski showed me that thinking is an art. It might or might not be based in Faith; but it grows by itself like a fine tree, and from the branches of that tree one can survey from a superior position all the problems that present themselves.

Right at the beginning I tossed away "Objects for Thought." I was in an atmosphere where one must gain learning for its own sake and thinking for one's own benefit. One might make money afterwards; one might have a

successful political or business career, but for the moment we were all children learning something for its own sake.

"No immediate reward," said Professor Chrzanowski, "no practical value." . . . "Yet"—and here he thundered, if such a mild man could thunder—"the reward is enormous. It is above value. For not only do you enlighten your own minds and feel a thrilling joy that no unlearned person can know, but you, in years to come, will be the people who will think for the rest of the world. The world now is in a disquiet—a restlessness pervades all things. And how can the human race find solutions to its problems? Only by thinking its way out. And until you have learned to think, you are useless."

#### FREEDOM THROUGH KNOWLEDGE

I cannot describe the freedom that came upon me. I was now in a world where nothing mattered but thought for its own sake, and learning as an end. I went back to that chapter in Newman, "Liberal Knowledge Its Own End." There it was—concise, direct, open alike to practice by Mohammedan, Chinese, Buddhist, Presbyterian or Hebrew. Why hadn't I seen it before? Was it that my New England background was anything but what Mathew Arnold described as Hellenic? "By the questions and problems of the Scholastics in open disputation, the mind of the student in the Middle Ages learned to think." So said my beloved professor. If the body needs gymnastics, does not the mind need exercise in thinking?

I had gone back through Humanistic tradition into the Middle Ages. I had never known such joy in all my life. The atmosphere of the University vibrated with it. The stimulating discussions were kept up after class, and many an intellectual battle was waged in the kitchen, about the dining-room tables and in the clubs. And as Chrzanowski had promised, after I had surrendered myself to learning, without regard for anything that would help me along in the world, I found a glorious freedom.

That Krakow had never lost the fervor of the ancient curriculum was attested to by students from other countries. A Belgian boy in our group said that he had not found it even in Louvain. The few Americans who came declared that they never had known anything like it. I might describe our life there as a composite thing that led through the Humanistic period to the Classic period and back to Aristotle and Plato, who first codified thinking for us. In Morawski's history of the University of Krakow, the author says that Krakow was accused of "deadness," of "being without life," after the struggle between Humanism and Scholasticism in the sixteenth century. Yet in the University of Krakow, the New and the Old battled in the open. It took the new views from the books then being printed from the old manuscripts released after the fall of Constantinople, and revised theories of the Universe on the basis of the discoveries of Columbus and Copernicus.

Professor Dyboski's own classes used some of the actual medieval technique. One principle of that technique was that learning came by teaching as well as by study. Therefore, our seminars in American Literature—for which I might say the class had enormous enthusiasm—were conducted by the students themselves, each in turn presenting the subject of the evening from the professorial chair. I never saw Dyboski ascend that professorial throne himself—the high-backed chair with the arms of the Jagiello family inscribed upon it. He always sat at the table below this raised chair. But how the students loved to vault onto the throne, where they were protected by the charter given by Ladislaus Jagiello, in the year 1350, when the grant to

professors of freedom from consequences of what they might say was covered by the *Ex Cathedra* clause.

I gave some talks on American Literature, but quite unlike my own lectures at home, for it was the habit of students to rise in the middle of a talk and say politely: "What is the source of that information, professor?" Or "I don't agree with you," or "What is the authority for that statement you made?" This was a bit of a shock to me at first but, before the year was finished, I was spoiled for any other sort of class performance. The class was with me, as indeed it was with all persons who presented different points of view—sometimes agreeing, sometimes dissenting. But it was a joy to make an apt quotation or read something that was well put by a poet, and have someone jump up exclaiming *Sliczny, sliczny* (beautiful, beautiful)!

#### TEACHER-PUPIL RELATIONSHIP

I know that President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, in speaking at the inauguration of President Nichols of Dartmouth, said that his university work as an undergraduate meant little to him, because he did not have the chance to question his professor, to learn if the things he said were his own genuine convictions, above all to discover the man behind the scholar. He respected them all, admired them for their learning, but said frankly that he missed the affection—and love—that should exist between teacher and pupil. What Woodrow Wilson missed, and what I missed too, in college days, had been this relationship between professor and student.

I think that the whole fault lay in our conception of what the college meant. Others in my time may have gained from college what Woodrow Wilson and I missed. But at Krakow it was impossible for the least interested student to escape this atmosphere of keenness, no matter what the size of the class might be. All teachers were not so stimulating to me as the two I mentioned, but the atmosphere—a living thing that materialized in a real greed for learning—was always present.

I wonder if this difference goes back to the days when Humanism began its revolt. I wonder if the splitting of the old curriculum wide open did not do as much harm as it did good. In our extension of university studies to include practical pursuits, have we not lost the real aim of the university—to extend learning and to encourage and teach thinking? The professions, of course, are based on the Humanities—all colleges agree that the liberal-arts course should precede all professional training. But from this insistence can we not go farther and emphasize the value of the liberal-arts education, not only for its eventual benefit to the thinking minds of a nation, but for the cultural joy of all who participate?

After the war, everywhere, I hope the liberal-arts program will return in all its strength, that the road back to the Classics will be opened to all, that learning as such may reach a very high place, and that the enthusiasms of students may be directed thereto. There is a danger, I am afraid, that a "practical" age may continue to emphasize practical training and trade courses, that immediate results may be magnified and earning capacity occupy a corner of the student's brain while pursuing even courses that are humanistic. The actual reform must begin in the secondary schools. The amount of hard, plugging effort necessary to attain even a beginning in the kingdom of learning is too apt to frighten off students who look for easier ways. There is no easy way to learning. And, as in all things, the whole matter comes right back to the home, for in the home the atmosphere of culture and learning is more powerful than anywhere else,

provided, of course, that there is such an atmosphere in the home.

For a better world, good thinking is necessary. For some people a college education may not be necessary—Shakespeare for example—yet one feels that Shakespeare in his little grade school must have imbibed with his Donatus something of the feeling for grandeur in words and sentences. But my conclusion, after years of teaching and writing and traveling and lecturing, is that Learning, like Good Deeds in the Morality Play, accompanies Everyman through life as companion and guide, that there is nothing in the world more stimulating than the pursuit of Knowledge; that it leads usually to the pursuit of Truth; that all the perplexities that lie ahead of us in this troubled world may be met squarely by minds trained to think; and if the thinking is accompanied by fair play, faith in God and man, and a determination to arrive at truth at all hazards, we may come to a world of good dealing and peace. I do not see how else it can be done.

## A GRESHAM'S LAW OF THOUGHT

CHARLES KEENAN

DETECTIVE STORIES are not ordinarily regarded as a source of philosophic thought; though in a literary form so devoted to reason and uncongenial to emotion, a leavening of thought is nothing to wonder at. Let it be recorded, therefore, with gratitude, that the idea contained in the title of this article was culled from the contemporary literature of the art of detection.

Gresham's Law—that bad, or insecure, money tends to drive good money out of circulation—is one of those economic axioms that are understood even by the layman. For everybody understands the normal tendency to hoard gold or other secure forms of money, and pass the insecure on to the other fellow. Gresham's Law would not seem to be able to operate, however, in face of a universal and uncompromising insistence upon good money in exchange for goods or services. If no one will accept the bad money, it will itself be driven out of circulation. This supposes, of course, that everybody knows bad money when he sees it.

#### SPURIOUS MENTAL COINAGE

Historically, Gresham's Law seems to have operated very smoothly in the realm of thought. Not only have people been slow, not to say reluctant, to recognize the best thought when it was offered to them; but not infrequently they have resented it, even violently. The way of prophets and reformers has never been easy. In the past decade or so, the law has been working as never before. Much of the propaganda that has deluged the world was aimed, in fact, not so much at substituting inferior thought for good thought, as at eliminating thought altogether in favor of purely emotional reactions. The propagandists have not tried argument or reasoning; they have relied simply upon assertion and reassertion, until by dint of repetition some kind of conviction was produced. And such a conviction, resting on prejudice and not on reason, is almost impregnable to reason.

It is not the intent of this article to analyze this propaganda, but to set out some of the factors that the propaganda utilized. They are practically permanent factors in human nature, and can produce their effect whether there is propaganda or not. They are the factors that make it hard

to reach the truth and make it easy for everybody—the writer included—to mistake what they would like to believe for what they should believe.

First of all, it is easier—and often more pleasant—to attack than to defend. Undoubtedly many things—Communism, Fascism, free love, divorce, birth control, for example—should be attacked and are justly attacked. But to attack them is not necessarily to acquire truth; it is to reject error. Chesterton put his finger on this weakness in *What's Wrong with the World*. Too many reformers, he said, began by investigating what was wrong, instead of asking themselves what was right; as if a doctor should undertake to diagnose a sickness without knowing what a healthy man was like. Chesterton, as he himself said, would agree with the Prohibitionist about the abolition of the bad public-house; it would be precisely in front of the good public-house that their beautiful alliance would dissolve.

#### WHAT ARE WE FOR?

It is comparatively easy to see that Communism, for instance, represents a bad social order; that can be seen even by people who have no very clear idea of what makes a good social order. Communism will be opposed by people who want a good social order; it will also be opposed by people who want a bad social order, but not the kind of bad social order that Communism offers. The danger is that one may throw himself so wholeheartedly into the quite legitimate and even exhilarating work of opposing false social doctrines that he may forget about the equally important, if not equally exhilarating, work of acquiring sound social doctrine. It is noteworthy that in his Encyclical on Communism, Pius XI emphasized the need of spreading the true Catholic doctrine through every stratum of society, and speaking of the work of the Catholic Press in combating Communism said: "Its foremost duty is to foster in various attractive ways an ever better understanding of social doctrine."

The fight against Communism, of course is only one example of this danger. It exists in many other fields as well. How many, for instance, who oppose birth control have given serious thought to the factors which make the temptation to that sin so strong—difficulties in finding suitable low-cost housing, the high cost of medical care, the wage system? Or again, an interesting example was offered in Ireland during the debates on the 1937 Constitution. Article 41 pledged the State "to ensure that mothers shall not be obliged by economic necessity to engage in labor to the neglect of their duties in the home." This was held to smack of Hitler's relegation of women to the kitchen and was violently attacked, even by educated Catholics. The phrases were, in fact, taken almost verbatim from Pius XI's Encyclical on Marriage. (A complicating factor in this case was that Papal doctrine was sponsored by the wrong political party.)

Even if we escape the pitfall of mere negativism and decide that we must have a body of positive doctrine, there is still a West Wall bristling with obstacles between us and the truth. Like the fugitive of the *Hound of Heaven*, we are "sore adread, lest having Him I must have naught beside." "Truth is bitter," says the Irish proverb—too bitter a draught for many of us. We have—to change the metaphor—our old beliefs and prejudices, which resent the sharp elbow of Truth forcing its way in. And from the unconscious or subconscious, or whence you will, come a host of auxiliaries to keep out the unpleasant intruder.

Sometimes a word is enough—a comfortable word which comes in the benign guise of reason or science to reassure

our troubled conscience. From two or three sources in recent months I have heard the bland statement that Negroes should be segregated because they are "unassimilable." Twice, if my memory is not at fault, it came from priests. Now I do not propose to discuss the race question; I am discussing the quest for truth and the word "assimilable." I pointed out that the biological assimilability of the white and black races was a simple matter of casual observation—most Negroes have some white blood in them. It is not a matter of culture; witness Dr. Carver, Paul Robeson, Marian Anderson, Roland Hayes, W. E. B. DuBois and hundreds like them, if not so eminent. Finally it came out by dint of questioning that Negroes are "unassimilable" because whites—some whites, at least—object to mixing with them on terms of equality. Mark the effect of the blessed word "unassimilable." It is put forward as a reason for anti-Negro prejudice; on examination it turns out to be merely another name for that prejudice. But it does its work very neatly by hiding our own prejudice from ourselves. We are prepared, like good Christians, to love our black neighbor as ourselves—and we do. Only the full exercise of our Christian charity is conditioned and hampered by the "unassimilability" of our colored brethren. If only they were assimilable!

#### IVORY TOWER

Another obstacle to the smooth progress of truth is the sadly imperfect world we live in, and the sadly imperfect people who inhabit it. In national and international affairs it presents us with a highly unpleasant decision which we must make. It is, too often, not a choice between good and evil, but between a greater and a lesser evil, or perhaps of a good with a great deal of evil hanging on its skirts. Do what we will, the decision will be a nasty one.

One refuge from decision is the safe field of first principles. Now first principles are essential, but they are not a refuge; they are a starting point. The danger is that we may hold on to our first principles and not start. It is undoubtedly true that the world will not know a secure peace till the nations and their leaders return to Christ and His law. From this secure point of view we may criticize any scheme that is likely to be adopted and find it wanting. It gives one a feeling of righteousness and superiority to realize that he has the true doctrine and that the world must come to his way of thinking or suffer for it. But that does not answer the important question: what shall we do in the meantime? There is no practical probability that the world's change of heart will take place in the near future; and till then, what? We have answered the question as to what we will do if the world is converted; but we are avoiding the question as to what we will do if it is not. For the answer to that question is not going to be pleasant; and it is much easier to change the question.

*Ex falso sequitur quodlibet* says the old Scholastic maxim—to translate freely, you can prove anything if you start with the proper falsehood. And if we begin by wanting very much to prove something, we may find ourselves letting a convenient falsehood slip into our train of reasoning. Not that we are consciously deceiving ourselves or others; but the falsehood looks so attractive, and above all is so useful, that we do not scrutinize its credentials too closely.

Gresham's Law can be beaten, we have seen, if everybody insists on good money. That means paying out good money for what you buy. So long as we tolerate counterfeit, for any reason, the law operates; and the penalty is (in the field of thought) that after a while we shall not know good money, or even want it.

## THE 79TH CONGRESS

THE NEW CONGRESS might well feel like taking for its motto those lines from Chesterton's *Ballad of the White Horse*:

I tell you naught for your comfort,  
Yea, naught for your desire,  
Save that the sky grows darker yet  
And the sea rises higher.

And if, to some, this would seem to be unduly pessimistic, they might be reminded that those words, spoken by Our Lady to King Alfred when his cause appeared most hopeless, were an exhortation to go forward with faith and hope and courage. The new Congress will need all three in the long and arduous year that lies ahead of it.

In the closing days of 1944 a bewildered America saw Von Rundstedt break out through the West Wall and thrust the Allied armies back from Germany's borders. It saw the unity of the United Nations shaken as Russia went ahead with its Polish plans and British troops fought the Greeks, while our State Department fumbled uneasily for the right formula. And it heard with amazement the President's words about the Atlantic Charter; words which, however benignly explained, could not but shake America's confidence in its own ideals and the world's confidence in America.

In national affairs, Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion James F. Byrnes presented to Congress a report whose implementing will demand a back-breaking program of legislative work.

The Seventy-Ninth Congress, like its predecessor, will dedicate itself to carrying the war to the enemy and, eventually, to the enemy's capitals. Von Rundstedt's counter-offensive is simply a call to action. Like the British Parliament, Congress will certainly demand an accounting from the High Command for the German break-through.

America's foreign policy must be a major concern of the Senate. The tart criticism offered by British journals usually so self-restrained as the *Economist*, the *Yorkshire Post* and the *Times*, while producing here a justifiable resentment, may yet do more good than harm to Allied unity. It has brought clearly to our attention the ambiguity and weakness of our position in foreign affairs. We have enunciated our foreign policy in general terms, but no one knows—not even ourselves—how far we shall carry it out in details. We expected to shelve difficult political problems till after the war, but neglected to say what we should do if some ally did not so defer them; so when Russia insists on going ahead, and Britain (which has to live in the same continent as Russia) finds no comfort in American policy, a separate Russo-British pact is practically inevitable.

In these circumstances the B2H2 senators—Ball, Burton, Hatch and Hill—will urge the Senate to take up its rather neglected constitutional function of advising the President, so that when he meets Churchill and Stalin he may speak to the point and with more authority.

The Army is pulling hard for the enactment of a peacetime conscription bill; and something like the Gurney-Wadsworth Bill will doubtless be offered before long. This is political dynamite, not merely at home but abroad. An America permanently armed with an army of ten million is quite a different figure in world affairs from the pre-Pearl Harbor America.

In face of the staggering burden of work that will press on it, proposals for "streamlining" Congress will be in order. There will probably be a tendency, if the Congress

can gear itself to more efficient action, to a resumption of powers hitherto delegated to the Executive.

Messrs. Sewell Avery and James C. Petrillo may be responsible for revisions of labor legislation. Mr. Byrnes asked for a strengthening of WLB's hand, and a law "that will treat the Petrillos and the Averys alike."

These are only a few of the problems with which the new Congress must cope, but they are among the most important. If the Seventy-Ninth Congress rises to the stature demanded by the national and international crisis, it will have earned for itself a secure place in America's history.

## RUSSIA AND POLISH RELIEF

SHIPPING-SHORTAGE is commonly given as the principal reason for the delays in getting relief to the liberated countries. There are some 3,700 ships in the United Nations' shipping pool, and it is repeatedly stated that these are insufficient to transport all the war supplies, troops, and relief, too. Now, it is not our intention to deny the shortage; it is reasonable that, as our battle lines expand, the strain on shipping becomes more acute; it is proper that we dedicate that shipping first to winning the war, then to supplying relief.

But we are forced to put the question whether the shortage has not been exaggerated. A report of the Russian War Relief agency for the three months just ended states that food, medical supplies and clothing to the value of \$6,500,000 have been shipped to Russia from this country, in Russian ships *at the rate of thirty-five or forty a month*. These supplies, though totally under Russian administration, have frequently been ear-marked by nationalist groups here for distribution to fellow-nationalists in Russia, and the whole program has gone ahead smoothly because of the friendly cooperation between the Soviet Government and the American agency.

These elements in the Russian War Relief report, when read in conjunction with the latest UNRRA release, suggest some pertinent questions. In that release, Herbert H. Lehman, director-general of UNRRA, revealed that some moderate amount of shipping had been promised the organization for the transporting of supplies for Poland into Russian ports; the supplies are in the stockpiles, the personnel of a mission for Poland is all prepared—and Russia will not give an answer whether she will help in the supply of transport, whether she will permit other nations to do the transporting, whether she will open her ports to Polish relief, whether she will even issue visas to the UNRRA personnel.

Now it is understandable that Russia is more interested in thirty-five and forty ships a month bringing relief to her own people than she is in facilitating relief to Poland. What is not understandable is that, while she is reaping so abundantly from the generosity of other nations, and from that of this country in particular, she remains so utterly intransigent to helping open the way for UNRRA in Poland. She herself has promised, together with the other United Nations, that relief will start flowing to the liberated nations as soon as possible. Everyone else save Russia now thinks it is possible to start in Poland—must the United Nations wait on her sole say-so?

Granted that the whole Polish problem is a complex one; this element of it is fairly simple. The UNRRA is explicitly

non-political; whatever legitimate political interests Russia may have in Poland can be by no means jeopardized by the administration of United Nations' relief. In view of the fact that there *are* some ships available, that supplies are ready, that UNRRA is ready and willing, it seems that the readiness of Russia to let that relief now start to go forward is a touchstone of her good faith. Russia should be let know that that is how the rest of the United Nations regard it.

## OUR HAND IN CHINA

WHEN the ever-expanding perimeter of American military control in the Pacific finally touches the China coast, a new phase in our relations to that war-weary, divided, neglected ally will have begun. Fleet Admiral Nimitz has reaffirmed our intention to land troops across the China Sea, to secure the necessary bases for our air forces in their battering of Japan. The Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet has emphasized that our military operations on Chinese soil will have no connection with matters of political expediency. But this is not to say that the United States need have no policy towards China. Our responsibilities go with our arms.

Here are some salient facts that should ever be kept in mind: China is our ally; China is a weak ally; China is a divided ally; China is a deserving ally. In all truth it cannot be said that our conduct in the past has been adequate to the challenge presented by these facts.

The New Year's message of Chiang Kai-shek has cheered those friends of China anxious to see a more democratic government. The Generalissimo has promised to convene a People's Congress this year "to adopt a constitution which would enable the Kuomintang to transfer the power of government to the people." This declaration will allow our nation to look more sympathetically than ever before upon the present Chinese government. It will make a stronger China.

But the united China which the New Year's declaration promises should not be exploited by dissident elements. Communist leader Mao Tse-tung, in a statement issued on the following day, demanded a coalition government now, rather than waiting for a People's Congress. Coming from a man whose unique loyalty is to Russia, and to whom the Communist Army of the North owes its allegiance, such a proposal does not deserve serious respect. A friendly, sympathetic ally will not support the objectives of one who does not come with clean hands.

China is a deserving ally, as proved by constant struggle waged during long years against foreign aggression. We may soon be faced with the rather nice question of deciding whether we for the second time can permit a larger ally to detach portions of territory from the weaker ally. Russia has hinted broadly that it wants parts of China, namely, territories in Sinkian, Mongolia and Manchuria. Acquiescence in these demands will be a sorry way of rewarding China's long years of patient waiting.

Our political strategy in the Pacific should be commensurate with the efficiency and success of our military effort. China has every reason to look to us for comfort and support. We owe this to China; we owe it to ourselves and to our traditional friendliness to those humble plain folk in the Orient.

## "A CITIZEN ARMY"

FOR CHRISTMAS FARE the *Saturday Evening Post* served its public a gaily colored cover by Norman Rockwell and a grimly serious article by Brigadier General John McAuley Palmer entitled "General Marshall Wants a Citizen Army." The article, specially timed and placed, carried the firm official endorsement of General Marshall himself.

No wonder. For General Marshall's patriotic-sounding "Citizen Army" was the discovery of Brig. Gen. Palmer. He found it in a forgotten treatise written by George Washington in 1783, "Sentiments on a Peace Establishment."

The Washington-Palmer-Marshall plan calls for a "relatively small" regular army and a "great citizen-army reserve" consisting of trained civilian officers and men, separate from the regular or professional army. This huge reserve component of the army would be mobilized in a war emergency and demobilized when the emergency had passed. We are assured that such a scheme is superior to the old scheme (usually credited to General Emory Upton) built around the primacy of the regular army, which in time of war was expanded by absorbing raw recruits into the rank and file under the leadership of professional soldiers.

We are also assured, in a parenthesis, that *of course* the Washington-Palmer-Marshall plan calls for universal military training; that is, *compulsory military training in peacetime on a permanent basis*. Military officials say they have George Washington on their side in this too. But in his 1783 treatise Washington wrote:

There are a sufficient proportion of able-bodied young men, between the ages of 18 and 25, who, from a natural fondness for Military parade (which passion is almost ever prevalent at that period of life), might easily be *enlisted or drafted* to form a corps in every State.

The words which we have italicized are significant.

It is true that in 1790 Washington transmitted to Congress a compulsory military-training bill prepared by his Secretary of War, Major General Henry Knox. Knox had demanded compulsory training of six weeks each year for a three-year period. Washington reduced this to 30 days in the first and second years and 10 days in the third year—a total of 70 days. The original bill was not conceived by Washington at all; it was requested by the Congress. Even then it presented a very different view of universal military training from that demanded by our military leaders today.

But apart from Washington's view, history has incontrovertibly demonstrated that citizen-army reserves maintained by compulsory military training have never performed the function General Palmer claims an American army reserve would perform: to "assure our friends and warn our potential foes that hereafter America will be not only willing but able and ready to do her part in maintaining a peaceful world order." According to figures listed in the *World Almanac*, the military organizations of France, Germany and Japan were essentially the same as that advocated by General Marshall—a "relatively small" regular army (France's was 500,000) together with a "great citizen-army reserve" (about 6,000,000 in France). Have these systems helped in "maintaining a peaceful world order"?

It will not do to tell us that General Marshall's plan is *new*. No doubt he and his confreres think it is and hope it will be *different*. But in essence it is the old, old system that has proved a menace and a delusion wherever it has been tried out. It hasn't been tried out in the United States yet. We hope we shall not be asked to risk that dangerous experiment.

# LITERATURE AND ART

## IN GLAMORONIA

RICHARD WILLIER

IT SEEMS that the U. S. A. is perennially "coming of age." After the Revolution, and again after the Civil War, we came of age. With the "realistic" novels of the late 'nineties, we came of age once more. Later, with O'Neill's plays and Hemingway's novels, we made the grade again. With each succeeding advance in hard-boiled art (banned in Boston) since, we have spurred to maturity anew. This perpetually recurrent adulthood is just a bit reminiscent of the man who chased the horizon. And now comes Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to announce, in a review of its increasingly colossal achievements over the last quarter-century, that we are, at long last, of voting age, this time by way of Hollywood. If so, then, definitely, we may order those long trousers and that Schick.

But I have a young Martian friend who, having only six months to spend on the planet, conceived—erroneously but naturally—that the shortest cut to a good cross-sectional view of American life and culture would be an intensive course in movie-going, assuming that the uniquely American industry should mirror the country truly.

His first conclusion was correct enough: Americans are astounding technicians. But his other conclusions follow.

All Americans are divisible into three types: Heroes (and heroines), Heels (chiefly male), and Comics (of both sexes), a sub-species of which is the Dud (of both sexes).

The determining principle is occupation, trade or profession. Aviators, medicos, nurses, newspaper people, entertainers (stage, screen, radio, vocal, instrumental), F.B.I. agents (at present), clerics (at present), painters, musicians, writers, big executives (under thirty), soldiers (at present), career women (under twenty-five), scientists (recently), dogs and children are Hero material, that is, glamorizable.

Lawyers (unless mouthpieces of the underworld), politicians, and gangsters (recently) are Heels.

Small-town people, policemen, judges, detectives (except F.B.I.), all teachers or educators of whatever description, statesmen, butlers (strangely), and parents are Comics, shading off into Duds. Note how many of these are concerned with enforcement of law and order, or discipline.

All Americans are either fabulously wealthy or about to become so. Any poor person can catapult to millions in eight months. When they make a purchase, even of a newspaper, they pay with the first bill they find in a side coat-pocket, never look at it, and never wait for change. The smallest monetary unit is a "grand" (one thousand dollars).

The only pursuits in America are making money, love and (at present) war.

Americans speak only in sparkling epigrams (wise-cracks) or in rich, vigorous prose. Not even young persons (all of whom hate school) ever pause for a word.

All American males can hit like pile-drivers. Knocking a strong man senseless (cold) with one well directed blow is commonplace, but is never done except to save him from himself, as when he is bent on sacrificing himself for others. Also, since they all possess guns and are dead shots, it is remarkable, in view of all the fighting that goes on, that there is any male population left. But the hospitals are extremely efficient. No patient ever dies.

All big business (there is no other kind) is transacted by

telephone, usually long-distance, or in night clubs. Americans, incidentally, are always ordering drinks or lighting cigarettes, never finishing either.

Young women, alone in the great city and struggling for a foothold, always live in luxurious apartments. All such apartments are exactly alike.

American orchestras are to look at, not to listen to, which is quite understandable.

The volume of alcohol Americans can consume in an evening is incredible. A man drinking alone to forget an unhappy love affair—this is the only reason for it—will empty two quarts by midnight without falling dead. In fact, he may go on to solve a baffling crime or perform a delicate emergency operation before dawn.

A most mystifying phenomenon is that, for whatever reason, the name a character bears in a play (fillum) is never to be used in discussing the play. Only the name of the player is permitted. My first *faux pas* (boner) was in this connection. Alluding to the pleasing acting of two priest characters in a fillum called *Going My Way*, I was not understood until someone exclaimed, "Oh! Marty means Bing—and Barry Fitz. Sure, they're tops [excellent]."

Why go on? It should be clear by this time that my young Martian has been sampling, not the U. S. A., but Glamoronia. Glamoronia is one of those countries Gulliver never got around to. Only it is not mythical. It is co-extensive and co-terminous with the U. S. A. but only super-incumbent, as it were. The Glamorons are a paradoxical race. By day the planet's most shrewd men of affairs, financiers and technicians, at nightfall a glaze comes over their blue eyes, and all intelligence is suspended. They have among them certain powerful enchanters known as Publicists who, by means of the printed word—to which the Glamorons are hypnotically susceptible—cast over them a mighty spell. They will then listen to slightly variegated noises, believing them music, and even go through the motions of dancing to them. Told that a tubercular blonde singer is an artiste, they will applaud. If shown a dinner check for \$37.50, they will react precisely as if they had just dined like gods. Grub automatically becomes Food in Glamoronia when the cost passes a certain figure. Price-tags and brand names on furs, jewelry and perfumes, all of them very powerful tribal fetiches, work the same spell.

Legend has it that when the Glamorons invaded the country, they met with stiff resistance from the dour, hard-headed aborigines. So slow was conquest that a compromise was reached: it was to be the U. S. A. by day, Glamoronia by night. The two capitals, Hollywood and Washington, are situated far apart, yet visitors profess to see a growing resemblance as times goes on. At any rate, from Hollywood the invisible empire extends through all parts of the vast demesne, ramifying in every village.

Titled aristocracy being forbidden, the Glamorons have instituted an order graduated in rank from Names to Starlets to Stars. Each week the citizens repair to a voting booth known as the Box Office, where they pay for the privilege of registering their reactions to candidates for honors. From their judgments, there is no appeal. Stars-in-training, as also Stars, place themselves under the tutelage of Merlins known as Agents, great wizards who call spirits from the mighty deep—and they sometimes come. They exercise iron supervision over their clients' every public action, for the slightest deviation from *glamouresse* might prove fatal.

It is related that a certain great Star once called her Wizard and asked if she might with propriety attend her mother's funeral. "Where?" he asked sternly through his iron beard. "In Nebraska—Omaha," she faltered, sinking to the floor. "Omaha! And is your family name also, by any chance, Smith or Jones?" roared the mage. "No, Heaven help me, it is—Blodgett," she whimpered. "Hush! If all that becomes known, the Industry is ruined. Forget it, under penalty of my displeasure." She forgot it and prospered.

I had fondly thought to suffer in silence to the end, to keep this venom bottled up and carry it to the grave, with dignity. But a recent incident blew the cork out. I was subjected to an overdose of Glamor. It was one of those young men of the screen who are so frequently rejected by the Armed Forces on account of abnormally broad shoulders and perfect teeth. He sang at me as follows:

I metta nanzhel jest thissidov 'eaven,  
She made sweed musig and id wazent blue.  
I'm not romantig and I'm not pedantig,  
But I metta nanzhel and the anzhel was zhu.

Bypassing the question of sense, please note the melting grace of the diction (enunciation), and how every harsh consonant is either eliminated or softened until only the pure golden stream of sound is left. The young man's lips barely parted and, when he gestured, his arms might have been half—but *only* half—paralyzed, so Hollywellbred was he.

Well, that did it. I have long known that there is a diabolical plot, centered in Hollywood and directed at me and me alone, to drive me mad by convincing me that I see and hear things that are not there. Yes, like the lady in *Gaslight*, exactly. But it shall not succeed. I am not mad. To my dying day, I shall stand ready to swear that I heard those words coming from that screen. Besides, I checked with the gentleman on my right. He was an eminently sane person, a truck-driver. He was wiping his brow and staring wildly. He said, "Chee, did you hear it, too? Thanks be! For a minute I t'out I might be goin' batty. I hadda pretty hard day today." I then asked the man on my left. He said, "Whash 'at? Thash righ'. Anjhel fum hev'n. Swee' song, righ'?" Though I suspect he was befuddled with drink, I see no reason for rejecting his testimony. On the contrary, I consider him an especially well qualified witness.

Persecution complex does not explain this. I am convinced that the man who wrote the words of that song, the man who scored them over that wild gamut of two and one-eighth notes, and the singer especially, are determined to rob me of sanity. Why? I cannot conceive. I am as unimportant as a Congressman, as harmless as a cobra. It is sinister, mysterious. But it will fail. I am sane, as sane as anyone in Hollywood.

But Metro-Goldwyn assures us that the pictures are now of age. Very well. Step aside, Peter Pan. Gangway for Lear!

## ALL STARRY STRATEGEMS

All of April's starry stratagems  
Cannot prevail upon me to deny  
Old loyalty to autumn's leafless limbs,  
Her subtleties of chill, retreating sky;  
For April knows no magic like the wine  
Distilled by frost within the purple round  
Of the rare grape, when the unburdened vine  
Has given back its summer to the ground;  
Nor writes upon a foggy night the sign  
Of winter in a winged and lonely sound.

PHYLLIS MORDEN

## BOOKS

### ETERNAL TRUTH IN MODERN PHRASE

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN ENGLISH. *Translated from the Vulgate Latin by Ronald A. Knox.* Sheed and Ward. \$3

ONE OF THE most obvious signs of interest in and the love for the Scriptures during the Middle Ages, as readers of Cardinal Gasquet's *The Old English Bibles* will remember, was the multiplicity of versions. This quite naturally led to confusion and conflicting translations, but it was a sign that the Bible was not gathering dust on the shelves; it was in everyone's hand and on everyone's lips.

Within recent years there have been three English versions, the Westminster, the American, and now this last one by Msgr. Knox. All have sought to improve on the Douay version, and lest it be thought that any modernization of the Bible is quite automatically a profanation, let the reader remember that every version of the Scriptures down the ages has always been an effort to recapture in translation and in the language of the day at its best, the message of God to men. The Douay version was a modernization to its first readers; so was the Authorized. Of the three recent modernizations, I think Msgr. Knox's comes the closest to being a complete success.

It achieves that excellence for many reasons. Perhaps the first in importance is because Msgr. Knox has avoided almost entirely the archaic sentence coupling that most modern translators have not been able to get away from. How often have teachers of Latin had to say "no, no, that's not English," when a boy translates the phrase by saying "whom, when they had seen, they went their way," instead of saying "when they had seen him, they went their way." Msgr. Knox has avoided all those old pitfalls by recasting the whole sentence structure into modern usage.

Again, he clarifies the sense in many an instance, not only the meaning of individual, obsolete words, but also the sense of whole passages. For a splendid example of this you can read nothing more striking than the translation of Romans 7, the complicated (in the older versions) passage on the law and sin. Throughout the Epistles of Saint Paul, Msgr. Knox's success in obtaining clarity is most evident and uniformly successful.

Other changes which he has consistently adhered to are such as: throughout, for "Amen, I say to you," he translates "Believe me"; the more solemn Johannine "Amen, amen" becomes "Believe me when I tell you"; the Hebraic reduplications, such as "they feared with a great fear" become "they were sore afraid"; his beginnings of many of the parables catch what actually was the colloquial immediacy of Our Lord's words better with a "Here is the sower going out to sow," than did the more oratorical "Behold, the sower went out to sow." In addition to these more general attitudes, there are many verbal felicities which bring out the sense and the atmosphere remarkably well. Compare the Douay version of the Annunciation: "who having heard, was troubled at his saying, and thought within herself what manner of salutation this should be" with Msgr. Knox's "She was much perplexed in hearing him speak so, and cast about in her mind, what she was to make of such a greeting."

Many will, of course, be inclined to regret the passing, in this version, of so many of the old phrases that have lived to get an accretion of unction and venerability about them, but let it be said that this effort to render the Sacred Word clear and modern is marked with not only the utmost reverence, as we would expect, but also by the purity and delicacy of Msgr. Knox's own ear for the rhythm and sonorousness of our modern English speech.

Obviously, the only way to convey the eminent success of this version would be to quote passage after passage. That being impossible, the only way to savor it is to take the passages of the two latest versions, the American and Msgr. Knox's, and compare them with the same passages in the Douay. Not only will it prove a fascinating study; it will be a reading of the Scriptures, which, if done devoutly and as spiritual reading for fifteen minutes, carries an Indulgence of 300 days.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

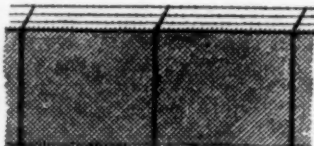
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## REALISTIC SECURITY FACADE

**THE SUPER-POWERS.** By William T. R. Fox. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2

THIS BOOK could have been a manual for the British, Russian and American delegates at Dumbarton Oaks last fall who were frankly and primarily concerned with discovering whether the super-Powers could find common ground for continuing their wartime coalition into the days of peace. It is an able, closely reasoned analysis of tri-Power cohesion after the war and the course that should be followed to achieve it. The author believes and shows satisfactorily that the victorious nations can each find reasons, in terms of its own self-interest, for developing military collaboration into political harmony on behalf of a stable postwar peace.

The fact that Great Britain and America can hold together even when the war's necessity has been relaxed is not very difficult to demonstrate. The strategic interdependence of the two Powers is so clear by now that a rift between them is hardly conceivable. Twice this nation has acted on the policy that a threat to the British Isles constituted a threat to the United States. And for the past forty years, no dispute between the two Powers has been carried on with the expectation of any but a peaceful solution. In his program for further consolidating this interdependence, the author suggests that this nation make a unilateral declaration in solemn form to the effect that any attempt by a European Power to extend its dominion over any portion of the British Isles would be regarded as the "manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States." Similar unilateral declarations by the British on our behalf would be made with respect to the Pacific area. These will be, in effect if not in form, an Anglo-American alliance.

The Anglo-American combine can then find grounds for stable relationships with the the Soviet Union. In this process the facts of geography and military resources are favorable because complementary rather than antagonistic. Such a move towards solidarity with Russia would be fraught with difficulties. The risks involved in collaboration or in non-collaboration must be weighed carefully. But as the author says rightly: "Statesmen in our time will have no more responsible task than weighing these risks." It is a mistake to assume, as many of us do, that the foreign policy of even Marxist Russia is the inexorable unfolding of policies long predetermined without reference to the actual political picture. Soviet cooperation in the task of maintaining peace is to be neither assumed in advance, nor rejected in advance. It is to be achieved. This means that we must convince the Soviet Union that cooperation with Britain and America is to her advantage. The author assembles numerous reasons of varying validity to show that Russia, if her old suspicions do not terrify her into her former isolationism, will choose to adopt a course acceptable to the rest of the world and favorable to super-Power collaboration.

The test of peacetime joint action by the three victorious Powers will lie in the treatment of Germany. Here the author shows that for security and ideological reasons the Anglo-Americans and the Russians can very conceivably work out a policy which will not permit Germany to exploit Allied disharmony.

What is to be said of this very realistic program and its basic concepts? It is granted that no general international security organization can come into being which in any fundamental way conflicts with the vital interests of the great Powers. It is further obvious that the success of an organization like that outlined at Dumbarton Oaks supposes the continuing friendly cooperation of Great Britain, Russia and the United States. Nor does any one deny the fundamental facts of world politics today, as always, that the elephant is not the squirrel and that we shall never reach peace by ignoring the difference between the great Powers and the small Powers. The contention of this book that the victorious coalition can indeed find cogent reasons for continuing to use its power for peace is a healthy reassurance for the success of the world-security organization now projected.

But we show that we have learned nothing if the new plans present nothing but a re-grouping of military and

political equilibrium consequent upon the defeat of a rival. Exchanging balance of power for joint action of the great Powers is like exchanging competition for monopoly. In the author's program, the world-security organization is called a "symbol" of common interest, with a "high educative value," a façade to create the impression that the super-powers are acting in the interests of the world community and in its name.

The author implies that there is "no great-Power interest which is in opposition to the interest of small Powers." But what about the opposite? It is surely to the interest of the small nations that the great nations do not fall apart. But even when they hold together for joint action, the position of the small nations is unenviable. The parallels which the author attempts to make between Prussia and the smaller principalities in the German Empire, or between New York and Delaware, are unnatural. The small nations, by all testimony, are not in the future going to be guilty of the obstructionism that marred previous application of the principle of "sovereign equality." At the same time, while granting to the super-Powers the unimpeded monopoly for policing the world, they will want guarantees that the super-Power nucleus is in fact acting in the name of the world community, not in its own, and this not merely as a fiction by way of concession to legal-minded souls.

As a matter of practical implementation of the author's suggestions for a series of commitments with Great Britain, it can be pointed out that, up to the present at least, Americans are not prepared for such a departure. The only commitments which we seem ready to make right now are not with other nations on specific guarantees, but general ones in connection with a security organization. We do not think that the three-Power alliance, based on temporary alignments, will leave the next generation very much to work with. A soundly constructed juridical institution, at least in germinal form, would be a better heritage to the sons and grandsons of our fighters.

ROBERT A. GRAHAM

## RECENT POETRY

TRUE TO HIS kindred points of Times Square and the Mermaid Tavern, Christopher Morley's poems, *The Middle Kingdom* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2) combine neon and chromium idiom with Elizabethan gusto. There is wide variety of mood, form and topic, humor, tenderness and a rich but thoroughly digested erudition. Notable examples would be the poems on the poets, that "noble crew." There is Chaucer, "dearest of them all"; Pope, "Assassin and embalmer both in one"; Keats coughing out his poor lungs; Dorothy Wordsworth, midwife if not mother to William's songs. The bad taste of the Trinitarian reference in "The Nightpiece to Herrick" is glaring by contrast. "Toulemonde" is an amazing example of sustained virtuosity as well as a witty and sharp report on our times. "Ammonoosuc" seems to be a truly great poem of its kind.

Out of a background of practical Americanism, Russell W. Davenport, with the facility of a talented, professional writer, has here said in *My Country* (Simon and Schuster, \$1.50) many of the things which have thronged our national heart and choked up our national throat since Pearl Harbor. The emotional impact is, of course, great. But patriotism and the emotional context of our times are poor counselors for the critic who would pass on *My Country* as poetry. It is impassioned rhetoric full of drums and guns and village greens, and groans and greatnesses, sadder as "Taps," inspiring as a flag. But it is not poetry. It is often diffuse and senselessly repetitive; it is typographically padded; it is intellectually vague in its central ideas.

The paradox of *The Wedge*, by William Carlos Williams (The Cummings Press, \$3.50) is that the preface is as interesting as the poetry and, to me, somewhat more illuminating. It tells us that poetry is a "machine," that its movement "is intrinsic, undulant, a physical more than a literary character." It dismisses pedestrian forthrightness of message by asking "What does it matter what the line 'says'?" Not that, but what a poet "makes" is the essential consideration.

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Likewise, this busy preface drives the pretender, metaphysic, back into exile: "Let the metaphysical take care of itself, the arts have nothing to do with it." By his admirable consistency in following this esthetic, Mr. Williams has virtually written his own review. "The Poem," for example, sums up the whole matter and illustrates what the poet means when he says a poem may be "a sort of shorthand of emotional significances for later reference." That such strong and exquisite verses as "Burning the Christmas Greens," "Perfection" and "The Storm" should emerge from theoretical preoccupations so horrendous is a tribute to Mr. Williams' undoubted poetic gift.

Although Marianne Moore received an award some twenty years ago for "distinguished service to American letters," her work and worth have been controverted ever since. Her latest book, *Nevertheless* (The Macmillan Co. \$1.25) will not decide the issue but, with it, Miss Moore will again perform the "distinguished service" of stimulating criticism. It exhibits the same pallid passion and aseptic language, the same hyperpiesis of thought (relieved in one verse by foot-  
notes), the same congestion of epithet, which have been the delight of her friends and the target of her opponents for years. There are also the typographical oddities which, despite T. S. Eliot's defense of them, still seem non-functional affectation to many. All will agree that "In Distrust of Merit" is a flaming war poem, sublime, clean and hard as a spear.

Such a blizzard of concept and image churns about the reader of Robert Lowell's *Land of Unlikeness* (The Cummington Press. \$3.) that one might well come away from it a little weary and somewhat uncertain that he has shared the bright, integral vision which illumines these whirling ideas. It is elemental poetry, rich, riotous, religious and realistic—sometimes, I cannot help feeling, to the point of irreverence, as in "Christ for Sale" or the reference to Our Lady as the "Celestial Hoyden." The poet is rooted in tradition, recent and remote, but he has a modern and very muscular mind. Perhaps it is this mental wealth and strength which cause him to overload theme with orchestration.

Quietly distinguished, *Strangers on the Stairs*, by Louise Crenshaw Ray (The Kaleidograph Press. \$1.50), will bring to the reader serenity of soul rather than the tumult of turbulent emotion remembered and renewed. These verses glow like embers, warm and meditative; they do not roar and crackle up the flue. The poet would do well to excise from her vocabulary certain words and phrases redolent of the old "poetic diction." That the whippoorwill is a "harbinger of spring" is practically a poetic proverb. So, too, "homely nest" and the twice-invoked "alloy" have a stannic ring. In "Wash-away Cottager's Day," "Men Like the Sea Bound Gull" and "A Horseman Remembers," the poet finds her metier, shows her real power.

In an esthetic world which abounds in shapeless and faceless poetry, it is a relief to read *In This Our Day*, by Edith Lovejoy Pierce (Harper and Bros. \$1.50). Her poems have the Aristotelian minimum—a beginning, a middle and an end; they are finely sculptured entities, passionate but controlled, thoughtful but not "intellectual." You must read her with attention but you do not need a gloss. A thumbnail sample of her power is the compact quatrain "Our Father." "Paeon" and "Aureole" are two memorable love songs; "Waterline" and "Decline and Fall" have the somber beauty of the flowers in a funeral crêpe; the intense sincerity of "Manifesto" and the fluid grandeur of "Apocalypse" all reveal an imagination strong and sensitive, an art mature and masterful.

Sister M. Josephine has written in *Peace Grows in My Garden* (P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$2) a detailed development of Francis de Sales' ascetical dictum: "Great opportunities of serving God rarely offer themselves but the little ones are always occurring." Written primarily for nuns, this modest volume, sometimes expository and often hortatory, is always practical. Saint Jane Frances de Chantal once complained: "I cannot relish the method of those who wish only to speak and think of high and sublime things." Sister

Josephine analyzes those humdrum matters which, under God, are the raw material of spiritual greatness—headaches, sensitiveness, sewing, community recreations, care of the sick and the other numberless items of that daily martyrdom of monotony which, for most Religious, is the way to sanctification as, for Berchmans, it was the path to canonization. One feels that the author occasionally oversimplifies recondite matters, e.g., the transmission of the guilt of Original Sin to Adam's descendants. Moreover, it seems that she does not sufficiently distinguish "mortification" from Christian prudence or even Grecian moderation. Other flaws are minor: "delicate" as a predicate for Christ's hard, virile Hands, strikes me as unsatisfactory if not incongruous. But these do not substantially detract from the book.

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

A REALISTIC PHILOSOPHY. K. F. Reinhardt, Ph.D. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.75

THE UNCERTAINTIES and confusions that beset our modern age are due, in the opinion of Dr. Reinhardt, to the fact that philosophic realism has been supplanted by unrealistic attitudes in thought and life or by a distorted realism which takes into account some particular aspects of reality while disregarding the whole. But to be trustworthy, philosophy must be rooted deeply and firmly in reality. It must embrace the whole of reality and, above all, it must include a total view of man and society. The only system of thought that can meet the requirements of a universal realism, the author contends, is the *philosophia perennis*, a synthetic digest of the truest elements of Greek wisdom and the finest products of the Christian mind.

In his opening chapter, Dr. Reinhardt discusses the nature of being and reality. The length of this chapter, comprising as it does more than one-third of the entire book, might appear at first sight to be out of all proportion. There are those, no doubt, who would prefer less theorizing and more "practical" application. But the author is convinced that a sound philosophy of action must rest on a sound philosophy of being. *Operari sequitur esse*, as the Schoolmen put it—action follows being. Therefore, it is only after he has firmly established the principles of metaphysics, the science of being, that the author proceeds to a study of ethics, the science of right action. The concluding chapters are taken up with a consideration of these philosophic tenets as applied to the fields of politics, sociology and economics.

*A Realistic Philosophy* is a book that will be read with profit by the professional philosopher and lay reader alike. Dr. Reinhardt is a keen student, and his application of the eternal principles of the *philosophia perennis* to present-day needs is done with clarity and vision. Yet he does not regard philosophy as a panacea for modern evils. He does not hold with Plato that model states will spring up when philosophers are kings. As a guide, philosophy can lead us only part of the way, for the works of nature must be aided and brought to their perfection by supernatural grace. The author remarks in conclusion:

The reconstruction of society and civilization requires the intellectual and moral effort of human persons in whom head and heart and hand, intellect, emotion and will are working in unison, motivated and animated by the prime mover of all physical motion as well as of all human thought and action. JOHN I. HOCHBAN, S.J.

MY AUNT LOUISA AND WOODROW WILSON. By Margaret Axson Elliott. The University of North Carolina Press. \$3.

"ALL THE WORLD has written of Wilson. His wife wrote of him, and his daughter, his secretary, members of his Cabinet, most of his friends and all of his enemies. Why don't you tackle him from the point of view of the in-laws?" said a distinguished biographer of Wilson to Margaret Axson Elliott, the younger sister of the first Mrs. Wilson. Mrs. Elliott agreed and has written a delightfully scintillating story of her own youth and of the many family connections, in *My Aunt Louisa and Woodrow Wilson*.

It is a little too complicated for a mere outsider to

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straighten out the relatives and connections, but the author has cleverly high-lighted her own Aunt Louisa, who was her mother's older sister, and who by circumstances and character became the center of all their young lives.

Woodrow Wilson and Aunt Louisa were not blood kin, nor were they even of the same generation, but they had many traits in common that were conditioned by their similar Presbyterian background.

Woodrow married the lovely Ellen Axson when the little sister Margaret was very young, so that there was scarcely a time when he was not an important person in her life. They were always congenial. Margaret lived with the Wilsons during the years that they were in New Jersey, until her own marriage. Afterwards, she visited them often in the White House.

Mrs. Elliott has drawn a witty and lovable pen-portrait of an interesting American family, well worth reading.

CATHERINE MURPHY

JOSEPH LISTER, "FATHER OF MODERN SURGERY." By Rhoda Truax. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.50

THE STATUS OF SURGERY before the advent of Joseph Lister was distressingly bad. Surgeons otherwise meticulous in their private lives were dirty in their operative procedures. Infection was rife and hospitals were dangerously close to being pest houses. Hands were washed after the operation, and knives were wiped off on the dirty frock coat which the surgeon kept in the ward to use while operating. Sir Astley Cooper operated on King George IV with a knife which he borrowed from the pocket of a friend and did not even bother to wipe it off. Lister recognized the significance of Pasteur's discovery that foreign material contained microbes, and microbes caused disease. "He was watching from the heights and was watching alone." He understood the germ theory, solved the problem of wound infection and founded modern surgery.

The importance of Lister's work cannot possibly be estimated; some idea of its consequence may be had from the following figures. In World War II, a wounded man has 97.5 per cent chance of recovery. In the Franco-Prussian War, out of every 100 soldiers requiring amputations, even of a finger or a toe, 90 of them died. While present-day figures are influenced by new drugs, antiseptic surgery, Lister's discovery, is the basic factor in the recovery rates.

The author writes with ease and clarity and has a fine appreciation of the man as well as of his work. Shy, gentle, modest, forthright and thorough, Lister was a true nobleman even before he was knighted by his Queen. His married life with the understanding Agnes Syme was a beautiful idyll. Lister's attitude was expressed in his statement: "Highly as I esteem the honor which you have conferred upon me, I regard that and all worldly distinctions as nothing in comparison with the hope that I may have been the means of reducing in some degree the sum of human misery." The attitude of others toward him was expressed by Bayard, the American Ambassador in 1902: "It is not a profession, not a nation, it is humanity itself which, with uncovered head, salutes you."

In all, this is an excellent book; it will delight both scientific and lay readers. It should be an inspiration to physicians and medical students.

FRANCIS J. BRACELAND

COLONEL CONRAD H. LANZA, well known to AMERICA readers for his weekly analysis of the war, is a veteran soldier and observer.

ERIC P. KELLY was Exchange Professor at the University of Krakow from 1925-26, and since 1929 has been Professor of Journalism at Dartmouth.

RICHARD WILLIER is a *nom de plume* for a well known professor of English in one of the Middle Western universities.

REV. WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J., formerly of the AMERICA staff, is at present conducting Retreats in the neighborhood of Campion Hall, North Andover.

REV. JOHN I. HOCHBAN, S.J., is engaged in special theological research at Woodstock College, Md.

COMMANDER FRANCIS J. BRACELAND is a medical officer in the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the Navy.

## THEATRE

SING OUT, SWEET LAND. The Theatre Guild has another big success and certainly deserves it. It is long since we have had anything more delightful than its latest attraction, *Sing Out, Sweet Land*, produced at the International Theatre as the Guild's second offering of the season.

The new revue, by Walter Kerr and starring Alfred Drake, offers at once a combination of American folk music, popular music from Puritan times to the present, and capital singing, acting and dancing in a swift-moving panorama. Aside from a few lapses by the dancers, it gives us an excellent proof that a successful revue can be on the whole both brilliant and clean, a lesson some of our producers sadly need to learn.

Incidentally, the name of the leading actor, Mr. Drake of *Oklahoma* fame, is printed in letters almost as large as those giving the play's title, while the name of the mere author and director, Mr. Kerr, is printed in letters almost too small to read. I am not, however, belittling the work of Mr. Drake, which is superb. Also there is little question that he is the hardest working actor on our stage this season. He is on the stage almost every minute of the performance.

A large and brilliant assisting cast, for whose names I haven't space here, put extraordinary ability and energy into the production and throw it across the footlights into the laps of the audience with a heart-warming zest. Mr. Drake is Barnaby Goodchild, a minstrel condemned to go singing and dancing through American history. His wanderings take him through the Illinois wilderness, along the Oregon trail, to the Mississippi, into a Civil War camp, to Texas, into the Nineties, and finally into the Twentieth Century, where he winds up in present-day New York.

He has especially good assistance from Burl Ives, Bibi Osterwald, Alma Kaye, Philip Coolidge, Ethel Mann, Irene Hawthorne, Robert Penn and James Westerfield. The production is supervised by Lawrence Langner and Theresa Helburn. The music is, of course, nostalgic and the audience has to restrain its obvious desire to join in its favorite songs. They are all good, but you will like especially *I've Got Rhythm*, *My Blue Heaven*, *Blue Tail Fly*, *Rock Candy Mountain*, *Way Down the Ohio* and *Little Mohee*.

The arrangement of the music is the work of Elie Siegmeister, the decorations are Albert Johnson's, and Lucinda Ballard's costumes enchant the women spectators—and the men, too.

*Sing Out, Sweet Land* is here for a long visit, but you might as well see it at once and then tell your friends about it instead of listening while they tell you. Most of us prefer that procedure.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

## FILMS

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM. A. J. Cronin's bestseller about a humble but tenacious Catholic priest who devoted his labors to missionary work in China has been translated to celluloid in one of the very finest of the season's offerings. The film achieves greatness by capturing the spiritual qualities of the kindly Father Chisholm, though the story has true merit of its own. There is no doubt that Gregory Peck, who plays the Scottish priest, deserves a major share of praise for his contribution. With sensitiveness, dignity and understanding, he brings to life the man who inspired foes as well as friends in a Chinese village, meanwhile making the character an indelible film portrait. Starting in Tweedside, Scotland, we are introduced to the now aging Father Chisholm, and through the pages of his diary journey back over more than fifty years of his life, thus learning about his inspiring history. As a small boy he lost both his parents in a tragic accident, the result of religious intolerance; he became a priest and found himself misunderstood by his superiors, until one far-seeing friend, a Bishop, guided him toward China as a possible field for his ability. Disappointment—but never despair—marked the missionary's early efforts, until finally, his work was crowned with success. But then came the heartbreaking farewells to beloved friends and a journey back to his little parish church in Tweedside.

It is a record filled with warm humanity and highlighted with inspiring spirituality. Besides Mr. Peck's exquisite portrait, Edmund Gwenn as the understanding Bishop, Thomas Mitchell as an atheistic doctor, and Rose Stradner as the aristocratic, intolerant Mother Superior register most unforgettably in their roles. All the characterizations are splendid, with only Vincent Price, as the worldly Monsignor, striking what seemed to be a false note in his performance. John Stahl's direction is most effective. The film is completely unobjectionable morally, but moviegoers must be advised that it contains statements by the leading character, the priest, susceptible to meaning not in accordance with Catholic doctrine. However, it is strongly recommended to the *whole family*. (20th Century-Fox)

**CAN'T HELP SINGING.** Tuneful, colorful, gay and satisfying is Deanna Durbin's newest venture, her first in Technicolor. The charming star goes tripping through a story of covered-wagon days—year 1849—when her romantic interest switches from an army officer to a personable card sharp (Robert Paige). Miss Durbin sings often, the music is pleasant, the Western settings gorgeous, so *adults* are guaranteed a pleasant time. (Universal)

MARY SHERIDAN

## PARADE

A FEW DAYS BEFORE this past Christmas, a boy, fourteen years old, sat on a train headed East. He was going to spend the next six months with his mother. He had just completed six months with his father in the West. When he was seven years old, his father and mother had been divorced. They had immediately remarried. For seven years, the boy had spent half the year in his father's new home, and the other half with his mother and her new husband. . . . The boy was a typical product of the broken home. . . . Of the inner meaning of Christmas, he knew next to nothing. He had never known a real home. . . . He had just been shunted for seven years between two houses.

As this boy sped on his way eastward, a Catholic family in the East were reading a letter. The letter was from their soldier boy. This boy, only a few years older than the broken-home boy, was from a real home. . . . His letter ran as follows: "Dear Mom and Pop: In a few days it will be Christmas. By the time you receive this letter it will probably be Christmas Eve. The very first and only Christmas that will find me away from home. I have been a little worried lately about how you will feel at not having me with you there at home. . . . But I know that you won't mind for the same reason I will not mind. This is because Christmas is celebrated in the heart and the joys of the great Feast cannot be dimmed by distance any more than they can be increased by any similar temporal factor. . . . In the world of blood and hatred, you and I are at peace. So are all of us who bear the Sign of the Cross, whether he be in ———, or California, or the Solomons or somewhere in Italy. . . .

"To us Christmas is the Feast of the Birth of Our Lord and our Merry Christmas is derived from our Faith in being in the state of grace and in the reception of the Holy Eucharist. So when each of us receives the Sacraments on Christmas morning we are as close together as Our Lord and His parents in the stable at Bethlehem on the first Christmas Day. . . . By virtue of the Faith that you instilled in me, as in my brothers and sisters, every Christmas is a merry Christmas for me. It isn't the gifts or the tree or the turkey, not even the family and friends—but the morning Mass and Holy Communion. 'Silent Night, Holy Night! All is calm, all is bright 'round yon Virgin Mother and Child, Holy Infant so tender and mild, sleep in Heavenly Peace!' . . . Yes, Mom and Pop, I'll be home on Christmas. I won't be eating the turkey or fixing the lights on the tree—but I'll be home with you. The Star of Bethlehem can be seen in any part of the world, if you look for it in the right place. So Merry Christmas, Mom and Pop, God Bless you, and I'll be seeing you. Love. . ."

JOHN A. TOOMEY

## CORRESPONDENCE

### PEACETIME CONSCRIPTION

**EDITOR:** Many Americans are opposed to compulsory peacetime military training because they fear the dangerous link between militarism, regimentation and peacetime conscription of youth. This is, of course, only one of their reasons, but it is a sound one. Their argument has been strikingly exemplified by the recent decree of President Juan Perón of Argentina, whose government the United States will not recognize because of its militaristic manners. According to the *New York Times* (November 18, 1944), the citizens of Argentina must learn to defend their nation, and accordingly Perón, who is also Minister of War, has decreed peacetime conscription for all citizens from the ages of twelve to fifty. Girls and women are not exempt from this decree.

In the same issue of the *Times*, President Roosevelt's approval of a bill providing for peacetime conscription in this country was announced, and the *Times*, once again, lent its editorial support to the plan for a citizens' army based on the "democratic principle of universal military training." Could this democratic principle be extended to cover the ages of twelve to fifty? And women?

The possibilities of regimentation in all this talk are obvious. The probability that all other nations of this hemisphere will adopt peacetime conscription, if the United States does, is also obvious.

Worcester, Mass.

REV. WM. L. LUCEY, S.J.

### JUST WORLD ORDER

**EDITOR:** May I express a word of commendation for Father Hartnett's articles on Dumbarton Oaks, especially for the second one, which appears in your Christmas number?

It is very gratifying to see such clear-headed and statesmanlike political discussion. Many writers fail to perceive the distinction that must be made between the question of juridical order and the question of the practical means for international cooperation in fulfilling the specific tasks of pacification.

The establishment of an international juridical order (but not a "world government with a limited jurisdiction") is of course the ultimate goal of a statesmanship that aims at building a just and durable peace. But it will of necessity be a slow and gradual work, depending for its realization on a world-wide rediscovery and recognition of a law of nations objectively dependent on the universal natural law. The immediate problems of pacification are of a primarily political—rather than legal—character. Practical foreign policies animated by prudence, justice, moderation and the will to cooperate, are what the world needs most at the present time.

Father Hartnett sees all this clearly, and it is a heartening sign that AMERICA has published his articles. If we had enough of this kind of writing we might be able to avoid the pitfalls of sterile legalism and insane ideologies which flank the high road of enlightened and constructive realism.

Rye, N. Y.

ROSS J. S. HOFFMAN

### A CORRECTION

**EDITOR:** The following will rectify the correspondent of *GI Circulation Low* in AMERICA of December 9. It is an acknowledgment I have just received from Nellie Oppenheim, Director of Library and Magazine Service, American Red Cross, New York Chapter.

The American Red Cross, New York Chapter, gratefully acknowledges your donation of 82 Catholic magazines, which we have sent to St. Vincent's Hospital. As the Red Cross is a non-sectarian organization, we do not distribute religious literature. Neither are we permitted to send parcels of reading matter abroad at present.

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THERE IS a unity of theme and a wealth of spiritual food in every Mass, though it is not always easy to perceive the one and savor the other. We must sharpen our eye and whet our appetites. Following the missal is one way of doing that, but following the missal is not enough. Even the priest must take up his missal beforehand and study the *Introit*, the Orations, the Epistle and Gospel and other prayers of the Mass. This preparation need not take more than fifteen minutes daily, and experience will prove these fifteen minutes extremely valuable. Parents, especially, should in this way run over the Sunday Mass with their children.

In addition to the unity of each Mass, there is also a continuity running through the Sunday Mass. Last Sunday was the Feast of the Holy Family, the Feast, particularly, of all Christian families, and the Feast also of the entire Family of Christ. Mary is mother of all of us. Joseph is our foster-father. Christ is our elder Brother. Through Christ, our Brother, we have been admitted, as we ask in the *Nobis Quoque Peccatoribus* of the Mass, into the company of His holy apostles and martyrs and of all the Saints. Through Christ we have become children of God, the Father. We are all one Family of God, though we differ in many ways, as children of the same family will differ. We have different temperaments and dispositions, differing talents and abilities, different tasks to do; but we are all bound together by family love, motivated by family pride, and dedicated to the good of the entire family.

Too often, it is true, we let our differences divide us. We are divided by nationality and by race. Employers are divided against workers, rich against poor, the educated against the unlettered, the talented against those of little talent. Yet such is not God's plan. In His scheme the very differences should serve as a bond of union, for the differences are all necessary for the good living of the family. No one of us is sufficient to himself. Only an omnipotent man could live without the help of the talents of others. We need one another and one another's work and the very need should bring us closely together. Not all members of God's family can be priests or nuns. Not all can be married. Not all have a special talent which may best be used for God and man in a single state. Yet the whole Family of God needs priests and married people and single devotedness. It needs teachers and statesmen and leaders, just as it needs plumbers and bakers and carpenters. It needs the men who conceive and plan and direct, just as it needs the men who do the physical work, who drive trucks and dig in the mines. It needs the street-cleaners as it needs the doctors.

This mutual need gives us a sense of appreciative gratitude for all the work of all the men on whom we must rely. It makes us realize, too, that God gives us our gifts and our talents and our tasks, not only for our own good and our own happiness, but also that we may share with others as others share with us. It gives us a sense of vocation in life, a definite task to do in a definite state of life.

That is why Saint Paul says in today's Epistle: "The administrator must be content with his administration, the teacher with his work of teaching, the preacher with his preaching. Each must perform his own task well" (Romans 12: 6-16).

Doing our own task well, that is our vocation in life; and once we learn to see God's finger in the design, we come to realize that the offering of a plumber's life can be as pleasing to God as the offering of a Pontiff's life.

Basically we have all one vocation. "Let all the earth adore Thee," is the song of today's *Introit*, "and sing to Thee; let it sing a psalm to Thy name, O Most High. Shout with joy to God, all the earth, sing ye a psalm to His name; give glory to His praise." That is the purpose of every creature; the mouse that squeaks and the lion that roars and the thrush that sings give glory to God according to the talents that God has given them. Saint Paul puts it a little differently: "Offer up your bodies as a living sacrifice, consecrated to God and worthy of His acceptance; this is the worship due from you as rational creatures" (Romans 12: 1). Thus our meanest task and our every task can be changed, as the water in today's Gospel, into the wine of sacrifice.

JOHN P. DELANEY

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